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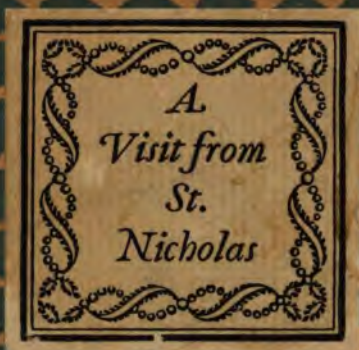
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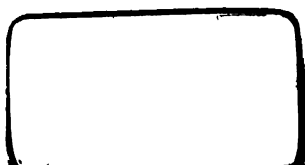
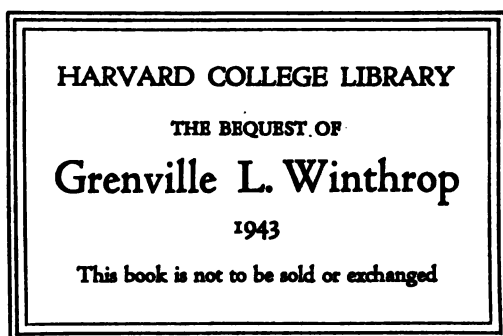
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*This little Book conveys the Greetings of*

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*to*

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*A*  
VISIT  
*from*  
St. NICHOLAS



*By Clement C. Moore*

*Boston*  
*The Atlantic Monthly Press*  
1921



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'T Was the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung  
by the chimney with care,

*In hopes that St. Nicholas  
soon would be there;  
The children were nestled  
all snug in their beds  
While visions of sugar-plums  
danced through their heads;  
And Mamma in her 'kerchief,  
and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains  
for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn  
there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed  
to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window  
I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters  
and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast  
of the new-fallen snow*

*Gave a lustre of midday  
to objects below,  
When what to my wondering  
eyes did appear,  
But a miniature sleigh  
and eight tiny rein-deer,  
With a little old driver  
so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment  
he must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles  
his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted,  
and called them by name:  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer!  
now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid!  
on, Donder and Blixen!  
To the top of the porch!  
to the top of the wall!*

*Now dash away! dash away!  
dash away, all!"*

*As leaves that before  
the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle,  
mount to the sky,*

*So up to the housetop  
the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys,  
and St. Nicholas too—*

*And then, in a twinkling,  
I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing  
of each little hoof.*

*As I drew in my head,  
and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas  
came with a bound.*

*He was dressed all in fur,  
from his head to his foot,*

*And his clothes were all tarnished  
with ashes and soot;*

*A bundle of toys  
he had flung on his back,*

*And he looked like a pedler  
just opening his pack.*

*His eyes—how they twinkled!  
his dimples, how merry!*

*His cheeks were like roses,  
his nose like a cherry!*

*His droll little mouth  
was drawn up like a bow,*

*And the beard on his chin  
was as white as the snow;*

*The stump of a pipe  
he held tight in his teeth,*

*And the smoke, it encircled  
his head like a wreath;*

*He had a broad face  
and a little round belly*

*That shook when he laughed,  
 like a bowl full of jelly.  
 He was chubby and plump,  
 a right jolly old elf,  
 And I laughed when I saw him  
 in spite of myself;  
 A wink of his eye  
 and a twist of his head  
 Soon gave me to know  
 I had nothing to dread;  
 He spoke not a word,  
 but went straight to his work,  
 And filled all the stockings;  
 then turned with a jerk,  
 And laying his finger  
 aside of his nose,  
 And giving a nod,  
 up the chimney he rose.  
 He sprang to his sleigh,  
 to his team gave a whistle,*

(9)

*And away they all flew  
like the down of a thistle.*

*But I heard him exclaim  
ere he drove me of sight—*

**"HAPPY CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL  
AND TO ALL A GOOD  
NIGHT!"**





**C**, *Designed by Bruce Rogers and printed by  
William Edwin Rudge, Mount Vernon, N. Y.  
The text is that of the original (1837) edition.  
The woodcuts are by Florence Wyman Ivins.*







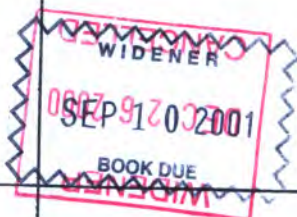
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